OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

THIS IS THE CAMPAIGN OF BANNERS, BADGES AND BUTTONS.

A Sudden Change in 1861—No More Poke Stalks and Coon Skins, No More Buck's Horns and Hickory Poles—Elegant Designs in Silk, Ivory, Brass and Enamel.

[Special Correspondence.]

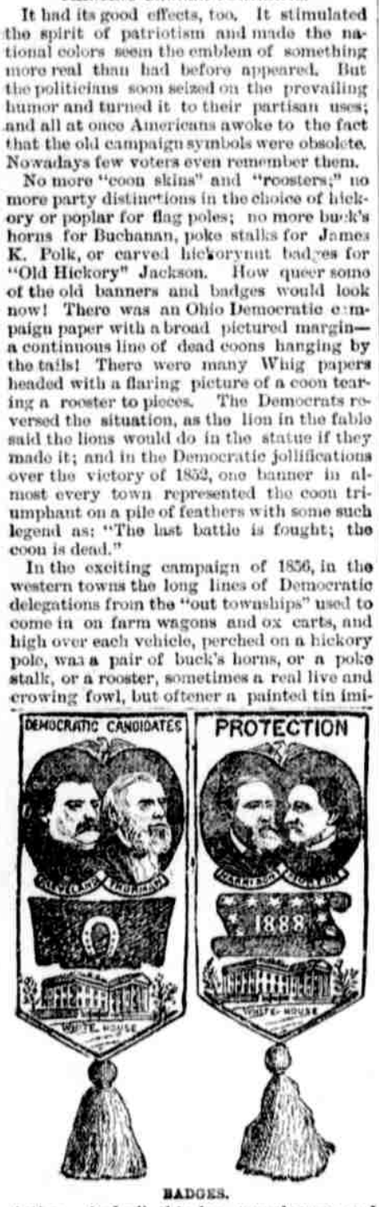
NEW YORK, Oct. 8.—When the civil war began, as all of us remember who were then old enough to notice things, there was a great breaking out of colors; there were flags on all the public buildings and on many private houses; there were little shields or rosettes on many coat fronts, and all sorts of patriotic devices on envelopes. One might have said that the mass of the population was suddenly afflicted with a sort of red, white and blue on the brain.

PAINTING BANNER PORTRAITS.

It had its good effects, too. It stimulated the spirit of patriotism and made the national colors seem the emblem of something more real than had before appeared. But the politicians soon seized on the prevailing humor and turned it to their partisan uses; and all at once Americans awoke to the fact that the old campaign symbols were obsolete. Nowadays few voters even remember them.

No more "coon skins" and "roosters;" no more party distinctions in the choice of hickory or poplar for flag poles; no more buck's horns for Buchanan, poke stalks for James K. Polk, or carved hickorynut badges for "Old Hickory" Jackson. How queer some of the old banners and badges would look now! There was an Ohio Democratic campaign paper with a broad pictured margin—a continuous line of dead coons hanging by the tails! There were many Whig papers headed with a flaring picture of a coon tearing a rooster to pieces. The Democrats reversed the situation, as the lion in the fable said the lions would do in the statue if they made it; and in the Democratic jollifications over the victory of 1852, one banner in almost every town represented the coon triumphant on a pile of feathers with some such legend as: "The last battle is fought; the coon is dead."

In the exciting campaign of 1856, in the western towns the long lines of Democratic delegations from the "out townships" used to come in on farm wagons and ox carts, and high over each vehicle, perched on a hickory pole, was a pair of buck's horns, or a poke stalk, or a rooster, sometimes a real live and crowing fowl, but oftener a painted tin imi-



BADGES.

tation. And all this has passed away, and with it much of that devotion to persons, to party leaders, which went far to make ambition virtue. We have become too rich to use roosters and poke stalks; we must have costly banners. They come high, but we must have them.

One who walks down Broadway in these days will have to pass, every third or fourth block, under a vast banner stretched from the tops of tall buildings, and bearing the names of candidates; and the same is true of the main street of almost every town or hamlet in the country. It is well worth while to visit some of the shops where these immense banners are made. They are usually shops where ordinary signs are made in ordinary times; but extensive arrangements are made and a large force put at work for the campaign. The general system is as follows:

The immense canvass—usually of unbleached muslin—after being sized with oil and lead, is stretched on a high wall, and from twenty to thirty men and boys work on each job. First the "boss designer" marks out lines and portrait in faint crayon lines; then the tinters go over it, one with red, another with pink, another with vermilion, and so on. Last of all comes the expert and does the blending. The result is a "Harrison" or a "Cleveland," with a "Morton" or a "Thurman" at the other end of the banner, which look fairly lifelike when far above the spectator, but terribly coarse and greasy near at hand. In the broad light of day the portraits are not specially attractive; but at night, when glimmering in the blaze of bonfires or illumined by the torches of the processionists, the red and yellow lines and spaces of the candidates' faces take on a sort of wild beauty, which fires the soul of the political devotee.

BUTTONS.

It would seem from the industry in manufacturing badges that millions of men want to "tag" themselves this year. There is the little bandanna silk flag, a portrait, to be worn on the lapel of the coat. It is about three inches long and somewhat narrower; and New York dealers report that the sale has already run far into the hundreds of thousands.

The Republicans also have a small silk flag, with no portrait, but a brilliant blue square in the corner studded with pearly white stars. Both these are extremely pretty.

In design, by all odds the most elaborate Democratic badge is of delicate gray silk, three inches long and half as broad. At the top are medallion portraits of Cleveland and Thurman, in the middle a rumpled bandanna with a horse shoe in the center, and at the bottom the White House. The first and last are printed; but the bandanna is "raised" on the silk in delicate red threads, the horseshoe is left blank except the red spots to indicate the nails, and shoe and stars glisten through the red silk with fine effect. It is designed to be pinned fast at the top, and to the point below is attached a delicate tassel of the finest red silk. The design is that of a genius, the printing and working in of the bandanna are excellently done and the effect is strikingly handsome.

The Republicans have a very similar design, the portraits above and White House below being printed; but in the place of the bandanna is a handsome blue scroll spangled with silvery white stars, and in the center the figures "1888." Over the candidates in blue is the word "Protection," and generally the finish is blue, while that of the Democrats is red.

"The Moonstone Badge" is an artistic triumph, and has been adopted by the New York Stock Exchange and Board of Trade Democratic and Republican clubs, and by many other organizations. It is claimed to be a fac-simile of the real moonstone, showing the various colors and tints. The designs vary, the main one being an eagle with pin attached, and pendant portraits of the candidates.

It is only in medals and buttons that the old politician sees anything to remind him of the stirring campaigns of 1832 and 1840. There is, of course, an attempt on the one side to reproduce some of the enthusiasm of 1840, and on the other to typify great party achievements. One collector has already gathered specimens of thirty-two kinds of buttons, and is on the track of several more. As 1832 was the year of pamphlets—many hundred copies are still found in private collections, though as many more were never preserved—and as 1840 was the year of monster demonstrations and processions with "log cabins," so 1888 bids fair to go into history as the year of badges and buttons. And will the future Gibbon pore over these indices and puzzle his brain trying to recall the spirit of these times?

In looking about New York to see how these campaign materials are made and sold, I find abundant evidence that there is "a heap of human nature in a man," and that the manufacturers are here for business. They have a peculiar instinct for finding the visitors' politics, and I rather congratulate myself on having got ahead of some of them on that point. It is their harvest now, and many a painter, small designer and carver no doubt wishes that the campaign could last all winter.

J. H. BEADLE.

ELI COOPER, LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.

He Was the First to Draw Rein on the Iron Horse in America.

[Special Correspondence.]

BOSTON Oct. 8.—Many locomotives in these days travel sixty miles an hour, while a few travel at the rate of seventy miles. A speed of eighty miles an hour is said to have been occasionally attained. To the people of this generation, who think nothing of traveling over country at such a tremendous speed that they can't count the towns as they pass them, pulled along by magnificent, well proportioned, powerful locomotives, one of the lumbering, ill shapen, ugly masses of iron used as locomotives fifty years ago would seem very ridiculous.

There is such a one in the National museum at Washington. It is actually funny.

The boiler is low down near the ground, and bulging out all over with iron warts.

The evolution of the locomotive is a fine study—a study growing more and more in popularity nowadays, when nearly everybody knows something about the iron horse.

The first locomotive imported into America was bought in Manchester, England, of the Stephenson company, by Kirk Boott, for the Boston and Lowell Railroad corporation. It arrived in America in 1834, and for convenience of transportation had been stripped as far as possible. When it reached Boston it was placed on several boats of the Middlesex Canal company and drawn to Lowell. With the locomotive came a planer and tools for building locomotives, and as soon as patterns could be prepared a new locomotive was commenced. The imported machine was put together and named "The Stephenson," in honor of the builder.

ELI COOPER.

The first engine made at Lowell was named "The Patrick," after the president of the corporation, Patrick T. Jackson. This locomotive was completed three or four days before the Stephenson made its trip. The Stephenson weighed eight tons, and had four wheels with outside connections. The boiler had 113 tubes, which were small and intended for burning coal; but in using wood they became clogged, and in order to clear them out the locomotive was stopped and the fireman cleaned them with a long rod. The coach which was used in the trip was a small affair, with seats at the side. The first trip was made from Lowell in June, 1835, and the distance, twenty-six miles, to Boston, made in seventy-seven minutes. John Barrett was the first conductor, and Eli Cooper, whose portrait is given herewith, the engineer. After running four years, "The Stephenson" was put in the machine shop and made over by Eli Cooper and others.

Mr. Cooper is now living in Woburn, Mass., at the age of 84. He was born in Stockport, England, Dec. 16, 1804, and came to this country with his parents in 1806. In 1824 he went to Lowell, where he learned the machine trade, and worked for the Locks and Canals company, the Lowell machine shop and the Boston and Lowell Railroad corporation.

H. E. P.

Strain on the Heart.

Every year the vacation season claims its quota of victims. Many who have become somewhat enfeebled by long confinement and close attention to the calls of sedentary occupations rush away for a short holiday and endeavor by systematic over exertion to make up for the inactivity of the past months. Every year brings its sad warnings of this folly in a record of fatalities, while the experience of most practitioners shows yet more clearly that this overstrain is followed by prolonged illness. The circulatory and respiratory systems work hand in hand, and rebel against any sudden disturbance of their ordinary routine. The danger is always greatest when, in the presence of any cardiac weakness, the exertion demands an arrest of respiration. In moments of intense nervous excitement the breathing is frequently unconsciously stopped and the strain upon an enfeebled heart then becomes very severe. Emotional excitement necessarily produces palpitation, and the fixation of the thorax then adds to the difficulty at the moment when the heart is at its weakest.—London Lancet.

AMONG THE BOOK-MAKERS

CHOICE GEMS OF FRESH LITERATURE

Newsy Notes from the World of Writers—New Books and Magazines.

SEPIATINT NOVELTIES; a Holiday Souvenir. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Among the holiday souvenirs which will soon make their appearance to delight the tasteful purchaser, none will surpass in exquisite attractiveness the dainty "Sepiatint Novelties" which are to be published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. Such popular writers as Dinah Maria Mulock, the distinguished author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and J. Pauline Sumter contribute to its pages. The illustrations will be especially fine, and in the best style of the art. Miss Mulock's tribute to the great day of the year is the equal in merit to Charles Dickens' famous Carol, while its appeal to the religious and kindly qualities of the heart is at once forceful and tender. The artist, in her original embellishment of the poem, is in harmony with the author. One of the sweetest of the verses, which are appropriately illustrated, is this:

God rest ye, little children,
Let nothing you affright,
For Jesus Christ your Saviour,
Was born this happy night.

PSALM FOR NEW YEA'S EVE; by Miss Mulock. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

In Miss Mulock's "Psalm for New Year's Eve" the same high poetic standard is reached and the illustrations are equally as chaste. The artist catches the inspiration of the poet, and is exceedingly happy in her embellishment of the subject. From the opening line to the benediction, there flows a constant stream of graceful and appropriate decoration of the timely verses of the gifted author, in lifelike flowers, in joy bells ringing the "old year out and the new year in;" in sprays of foliage, and the spray of wave dashed shore, with many a quaint and curious turn of the artist's pencil.

The poem, printed on heavy boards, in sepiatint and gold, the rich gilt edges, the clasp of knotted ribbon and the neat box all appeal to the aesthetic part of our nature in a most persuasive manner.

DREAMTHORP; by Alexander Smith. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The appearance in new edition and handsome binding of "Dreamthorp" by Alexander Smith, the author of several noteworthy books bearing the imprint of Lee & Shepard, will be hailed with much satisfaction by the reading public. This delightful and highly instructive book contains some of the rarest gems of thought, and "Dreamthorp" seemed to be just the spot for the gifted writer to gain the inspiration to prepare for the public his masterly essays. The learning, the wide range of anecdote and illustration, the sparkling epigrams, the deep analysis of human attributes and characteristics which run through this work, commend it as one to be sought for the great worth of what its pages teach. The work may be summed up as a series of charming and instructive essays upon subjects not yet threadbare in their treatment by authors.

DRAKE'S MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER: Drake Publishing Company, New York.

Drake's Magazine for October opens with a very vivid description of "The Real Czars of Russia," illustrated by Wolf Von Schierbrand. Among other articles of interest are "The Shawls of Cashmere," by S. E. Archer; "Bags, Ancient and Modern," by Laura C. Holloway; a sketch of Kate Upson Clark; stores by J. H. Connelly, Anne West and Florence Huntley; poems by A. W. Bellaw, Clarence H. Pierson and others; a short, humorous sketch by Paul Pastnor; "Current Science" by Felix L. Oswald. Quacks, with its funny stories and sketches, is replete with fun for young and old.

Drake's Magazine stands at the head of the list of sterling publications. Its subscription price is only $2.00 a year, or ten cents a copy. It should find its way in every family.

NOTES.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard, Boston, have now ready a new edition of Elam's "A Physician's Problems." The work consists of seven profound estays, which are intended as a contribution to the natural history of those outlying region of thought and action, whose domain is in the "debatable ground" of brain, nerve and mind. They are designed also, to indicate the origin and mode of perpetuation of these varieties of organization, intelligence and general tendencies towards vice or virtue which seem on a superficial view to be so irregularly and conspicuously developed and distributed in families among mankind. Subsidiarily, they point to causes for the infinitely varied forms of disorder of nerve and brain—organic and functional, far deeper and more recondite than those generally believed in. These essays are the results of the most careful and earnest thought on the part of the author, and relate to "problems" of no ordinary complexity and difficulty, in regard to which great differences of opinion are, of course, inevitable.

Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth's great copyright novel, "The Family Doom" has just been issued by her publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, at the exceedingly low price of twenty-five cents per copy, retail. When we take into consideration the fact that it has never before been published under one dollar and fifty cents per copy, this seems surprising, and there will be a great demand for it.

"Fireside Saints, Mr. Candle's Breakfast Talk and Other Papers, by Douglas Jerrold—one of the most humorous witty and inimitable of writers—is to be brought out in new edition by Lee & Shepard, Boston. Among the most successful hits of the late Douglas Jerrold is this collection of his writings, which have been gathered into this pleasing volume, which comprises rare specimens of every variety of his versatile genius. It will be difficult to find another volume in the language which will surpass this one in its bounteous harvest of jest and fancy, tenderness and pathos, sound sense and keen satire.

Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth says that she considers "Ishmael" to be her very best book, as well as being her greatest "New York Ledger" story, it having increased the circulation of that paper, while running through it, 150,070 copies. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, have just published a beautiful edition of it in 718 pages, bound in morocco cloth, to sell at One Dollar and Fifty Cents a copy only.

Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth's most popular copyright novels, "Tried for Her Life," "The Family Doom" "The Maiden Widow" and "Cruel as the Grave" have just been issued by her publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, to sell at the unprecedented low price of twenty-five cents each, neither of which having ever before been published or sold under one dollar and a half a copy, must command an enormous sale. The same firm have also published a cheap edition of Emile Zola's celebrated novels of "Nana," "L'Assommoir," "Nana's Brother," "La Terre," and "Nana's Daughter," to sell at the same low price of twenty-five cents a copy. They will be found for sale at all news agencies or copies will be sent to any one, to any place postpaid, on receipt of the price by the publishers.

THE OLD MAN AND THE LIGHT.

Experience of a Pilot of Former Days with Electricity.

[Special Correspondence.]

ABERDEEN, D. T., Oct. 6.—Capt. David Tibbs, of this city, a retired Missouri river steamboat captain, made a trip to New Orleans last winter, and has been talking ever since, when a congenial listener could be found, of the changes that have come about in river navigation during the past twenty years.

Never did I hear the old captain admit that any change for the better had been made until a few evenings ago.

We were sitting upon the piazza of the captain's hotel, smoking a twilight cigar, when the large arc light in front of the hotel suddenly blazed out in its cold and searching brilliance. The captain started and half rose from his chair, as he invariably does at this nightly recurrence of this, to him, strange and unusual phenomenon.

"I can't somehow get used to that darnation light that flares out all of a sudden," said he. "Somehow it seems as if something is going to explode, and the first time I saw it I jumped right up and yelled: 'Draw the fires and let off steam,' just as if I was back on the old John Paxton, with my bow grinding on a bar."

I assured the old gentleman that it was the most natural thing in the world for a man of his years to be startled, and confessed to a certain sensation of surprise and momentary fear whenever the trained ignus-fatuus of science suddenly burst out upon the darkness of the street.

"Queer thing, queer thing," reflected the old man, "queer thing this electricity. Why, you remember I went down the river last winter, stopped at St. Louis and saw a lot of old river men?"

Yes, I remembered—had indeed as distinct a recollection of the fact as some forty recitals of the fact, coupled with various incidents of the trip, could give.

"Yes, captain, I believe you told me you went to New Orleans," I replied, preparing myself for the inevitable tale of decadence, wrong and oppression in everything along the river between Fort Sully and the gulf.

"Well, I'll never forget one night just below Memphis. I had been stopping off along the river, and at Memphis got on to a new line steamer with all the modern contrivances, but none of the life and dash that a river steamer carried in old time river days. Well, as I was saying, I stood on the deck smoking a cigar. It was as dark a night as ever tried a pilot's knowledge of the stream; you couldn't see a dozen yards from the boat. There wasn't no torch on the jack staff, such as you would see flaming out over the prow years ago, and spattering blood red reflections ahead. But all of a sudden, way out ahead, a mile or so, I saw a circle of light drop onto a clump of pine trees on a head land, and then, quicker than a flash, jump across stream, and land square on the roof of a nigger cabin just off the shore. Well, now, that puzzled me. I looked around to see where it came from, and there it was dancing along the piles of a cotton landing half a mile up stream. It made me feel queer. I'd seen the glow balls jump and vanish above a swamp, but it was not that kind of a light. Just then the captain came up with a lantern. He saw I was looking kind amazed, and says he: 'Our pilot is finding landmarks with an electric light.' We went forrard, and there, sure enough, was a contrivance like an engine headlight moving around on a pivot and shooting those shots up and down the river, feeling of the darkness, as it were. The power dynamo, they call it, was down by the engine, and the pilot could turn it on and off when he wanted to. From the pilot house he could switch that big flaming eye to any point of the compass. Well, I tell you, when I thought of how many times I used to tie up at night just because my pilot had missed or couldn't make out a land mark to a dead certainty, I realized what a really good thing those shore searching lights are, anyhow. But after all, I've seen men that, give 'em a cage full of blazing pitch fire on the jackstaff, and they would go through the most ticklish spots on the river without scraping a snag or nosing onto a single bar." And the captain, as if ashamed of his momentary disloyalty to the past, opened with more than usual fire upon his favorite topic, the destruction of the great river traffic by railway combinations.

FRANK P. WILLIAMS.

AN INTERESTING INDUSTRY.

How the Canning of Corn is Carried On.

[Special Correspondence.]

OSWEGO, N. Y., Oct. 8.—Nearly every one eats canned corn, yet the eater is probably ignorant of the process of its preparation.

The quality of the corn is, of course, the matter of first consideration. Quality is dependent on soil. Some of the sweetest corn is raised in central New York. Along the Fish Creek valley centering at Camden is a peculiar light soil where corn grows at its sweetest. Every little village from the city of Rome to Lake Ontario has one or more factories devoted to the corn industry. The other day I stopped off and went through the corn area with an expert, and noted the process by which 1,000,000 cans—probably one-fiftieth of the product of the country—find their way to the consumers.

The expert is a genius in his way, who is required to know every piece of corn under cultivation in his district, say an area of twenty square miles. He must be informed of the condition of the corn and notify the planters when and how much to pick each day, and govern, as it were, his territory firmly but with justice to all. The factory I visited had a capacity of 500,000 cans per annum. The first thing to be noticed is the planter as he comes in with his load. He may be the owner of one or twenty acres of corn, on which he may produce from 100 to 120 bushels, or about 1,000 cans, and may clear from $10 to $40 per acre, according to his thrift.

He unloads his product on the ground under a shed, where it is husked by men, boys, women and girls. It is carried into the factory and put in a cutting machine which strips off the kernels. The shaker next separates it from deleterious substances and it is passed into a warmer and cooked at a temperature of from 175 to 180 degs. It then passes into the can, into which a girl has placed a gill of prepared salt water. The cans are wiped, capped, sealed and thrust by the basket (iron) full into cooking tanks. From these they are taken to the outer yard, sprayed with cold water and left for twenty-four hours to dry. In the packing house the cans are labled and are then ready for the market. They are shipped in cases containing twenty-four cans, of which 400 cases make a car load. Camden alone ships 104 car loads annually, and may be called a fair exemplification of the industry.

WM. H. BALLOU.

The length of the principal rivers in America are: Missouri to the Mississippi, 3,100 miles; Missouri to the Gulf, 4,350; Mississippi, 3,160; Amazon, 3,600; River de la Plata, 2,340; St. Lawrence, 2,100; Orinoco, 1,600; Rio Grande, 1,800. The Missouri (to the Gulf) is the longest river in the world. The Danube is the longest in Europe, the Yang-tse-Kiang in Asia, and the Senegal in Africa.